

LITERARY NOTES.

Jean Ingelow has a new volume of poems nearly ready for publication. She is of the old-fashioned order of poets who know not the current magazine, but save all their verses for the symmetrical freshness of a book. Miss Ingelow is now a large, comfortable, round-headed woman, of middle age, with a face whose expression is thoroughly placid and happy.

"Amonk," one of Turgenev's most striking tales, has been translated by Mr. Franklin Abbott, and the translation will be published shortly by Cupples, Upham & Co.

Mr. Horace E. Scudder's "History of the United States of America" will be published next week by J. H. Birche.

The death of the great publisher, Nicholas Trübner, was sudden and pathetic in its circumstances. He had given a dinner party the night before, had seemed perfectly well, and had greatly enjoyed himself. He slept quietly all night, and waking at 6 in the morning was plainer to Mrs. Trübner of a pressure on his heart. She brought him some simple remedies, and soon he had passed it to his lips in lover-like gracefulness and in an instant was gone.

Peter Parke, the compiler of the "American Archives," whose valuable books and MSS., after his death, were purchased for the Congressional Library, was a journeyman printer who went to Washington from New York and conducted a successful printing office. "Perley" describes him in the *Boston Budget* as "instructively a gentleman and a worthy disciple of Faust—tall, stately, with a bushy head of hair, keen eyes which would beam with joy when any one brought him a rare autograph or pamphlet. The simplicity of his manners, beaming an expression of the gentleness and purity of his heart, made him beloved as well as revered by all who knew him."

The large sum of \$7,500 will be paid by his publisher to Mr. Max O'Reilly for the right to publish his new book simultaneously in Paris, London and New York. It is probably safe to say that in a literary sense it will hardly be worth so much; in the commercial sense it may be worth much more. Numerous sketches of English society will fill the volume.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton was asked to write for *The Current*, of Cheng, and passed until he could find out what kind of a paper it was going to be. He presently discovered in it a vicious article of which the following is a specimen: "We are justified in saying that the representative upper class Englishmen of to-day is a pig-headed, ungrateful, snarling cur, and a jealous, cunning, and venom-soaked enemy of all thrones. Those people, largely found within the corporate limits of New York City, who affect English ways should be pealed off the streets whenever they appear. . . . American social life is on a higher plane of culture-to-day than English life. In literature, in scientific research, in applied art, in lucrative skill, in all the confounding life, in all things that go to make life worth living and to bless us with opportunity, the American people are as far in advance of England and her ruling classes. Home was once in advance of the rest of the world. Therefore, let the doors be shut upon English rogues of distinction. Let every American householder consider that if he admits one of them he runs the risk of finding his hospitality abused. In short, let us hear of and see no more affectation in this country of English manners and methods."

"After reading the above," writes Mr. Hamerton to *The Academy*, "I wrote very briefly to a few words on a card in an envelope to say I would not contribute. In consequence of this I am attacked in the last number of *The Current*, and classed with Englishmen abominable to Americans. It is also assumed that I am possibly intending an 'American tour,' and I am forewarned of the kind of reception that awaits me. Perly, like the New Yorkers who affect English ways, I am to be peeled off the streets whenever I may appear. This would certainly be alarming if I had any intention of lecturing in the United States, but, as I am not a lecturer, I hope to escape the danger. There is a wonderfully close resemblance between that class of American journals which is represented by the above extreme and callous journalism of the 'new' and 'valiant' kind which so often causes the shift of Allen to trouble. Perhaps our American friends will grow out of it in time, and no doubt it is already disapproved by many of them. If Mr. Arnold preaches the gospel of 'sweetness and light' it is not without need. The tone of English writing has gained something from its evolving influence, and it eventually appears desirable that it should produce similar effects in the United States. The condition of the Americans is not hopeful. They do not end their minds in patriotic ignorance, as the French (with some exceptions) do; they rage, but they read. Who can tell what beautiful results may not ultimately follow?"

Mr. Davenport Adams's "Dictionary of the Drama" is now finished and ready for the public. It will be a work eminently useful to the dramatic critic. Dr. Charles Mackay having been neglected of late years by a hard-headed and prosaic public, tells that public in his new book, "Injuries and Undertones," what he thinks of it. "Birth of a public!" he exclaims. You think that it must be cold? 'Tis excellent sport to die in, And trial its good name in the gutter; And that cynic, white, that's not the best, Are all very well in their places. But that makes a graver than a blisk, And rather a graver than a blisk. Flock headed people!

One thinks that a cliche' values a reason, That slams, such as thieve's delight in, Is fit for the lips of the gods, And rather a graver than a blisk. Ass of a public!

You think that success must be merit, That hour and virtue and courage Are all very well in their places, But that makes a graver than a blisk, And rather a graver than a blisk. Pig of a public!

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